

Unity among Christian Ministers and People.

Recommended in a

3

L E T T E R

T O

Mr. JOHN GILL:

To which is annexed

A

a B
13

Brief Exhortation to National Gratitude,

I N A N

ACROSTICK P O E M,

On His Royal Highness

William, Duke of Cumberland.



L O N D O N:

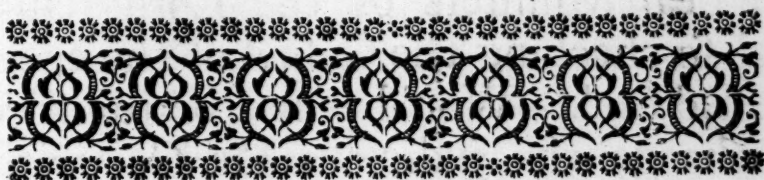
Printed for the AUTHOR; and sold at the Pamphlet-shops in
London and Westminster. 1746.

[Price Three-pence.]



LONDON.

Printed for the Author, and sold at the Principal-books in
London and W. Smith, 1740.
[Price, 1 three-pence.]



A

L E T T E R, &c.

Dear SIR,

Doubt not but I am deemed as your Enemy; but permit me to assure you to the Contrary: Those are such who either condemn or adore you. What, but Stupidity can deem you as irreligious as a brutal Creature; or paint you as an infallible Christian and Minister? My own Ears have heard it declared, *'Tis safe to believe any thing, if Mr. G--- believes it.*

I can assure you, I firmly believe you to be a Child of God, a Minister of Christ, and a bold Defender of Truth; but, I fear thro' the Imprudences of some in your own Congregation, joining the false Intelligence of others, you are unhappily opposing many of

the dear Ministers of the Lord Jesus, and so checking the Gospel of the ever-blessed God. Wou'd it not be Injustice to charge the judicious Mr. G--- with the great Errors of Mr. *Foster*, both being *Baptists*? So it is to charge all the *Methodists* with equal Enthusiasm; for Mr. *Whitefield*, Mr. *Adams*, Mr. *Jenkins*, &c. are bold Asserters of Discriminating Grace.

*How pleasant do the Moments seem,
While Jesus is their pleasing Theme!*

The *Tabernacle* has been a Tabernacle of the Lord to me: It is still the House of God, and as the Gate of Heaven: There I go to meet my Saviour, and he seldom fails of giving me a happy happy Meeting. It must be acknowledg'd many of the Preachers there, by propagating unscriptural Notions, have justly drawn forth the Resentments of Mr. G--- and others: But have they not been warmly oppos'd by their own Brethren for the same? which has issu'd in a Separation during Mr. *Whitefield's* Absence. The abovementioned Mr. *Adams* and Mr. *Jenkins* have

have withstood their mistaken Brethren to their Faces, and are now in the Possession of that House of Prayer the *Tabernacle*! How sweetly do they sing of the Dying Love of the Dying SAVIOUR! How kind and Affectionate their Addresses to poor fin-sick Sinners! How freely do they tell of what the Lord has done for their sinful and distressed Souls! How do they pity, weep and pray over Christless Sinners! How often have I gone there mourning and doubting, but have come away rejoicing in God my Saviour!

Probably thro' my great Affection for these Ministers, who have been so instrumental in reviving my drooping Spirits, I have drop'd some Expressions of Dislike for Mr. G--- and others, who have warmly oppos'd the *Methodists*; complaining of their Injustice in not distinguishing aright concerning them: O Sir, for the future be entreated to distinguish between *Methodists* and *Methodists*, as you would have others do so between *Baptists* and *Baptists*; mine own Ears have heard Mr. *Whitefield* and others called, Incarnate Devils, Enemies

nemies to God, Christ, Religion and human Society; and that it was a Pity any Place should be allow'd them to worship: Do these express themselves like *Englishmen*, like Protestants, like Members or Officers in Congregational Churches? Such unchristian Censures as these from their Foes, probably has drawn forth, and too often, some unbecoming Expressions from their Friends. Far be it from me to justify myself in all Things I have said concerning Mr. *Whitefield* and others. I believe he has been too hasty in accounting the Numbers of his Converts; no doubt but he often has taken a Reformation for Regeneration in others: But is it not a pleasing Temptation to him to see many noted for Profaneness, hearing the Word, and with seeming Attention and Concern? surely it is: and this has made the poor dear Man so thankful for the uncommon Good done to the worst of Sinners. But how many of these Converts are gone to their Sins again, as Swine to wallowing in the Mire? and some have proved worse and worse; yet it must be own'd the

the Lord has done greatly by him and others; who have put their Lives in their Hands, and gone forth into the Highways, compelling poor Sinners to come in.

Sir, you and others cannot but be sensible, in the Judgment of Charity, that they have many Seals of their despised Ministry in your own Churches. Field-preaching, tho' uncommon, is not unlawful, by the Laws of God nor Man. Oh, what a happy Congregation was it when a Mount was the Pulpit for the Blessed JESUS! And what a happy Meeting have we had on Mountains, and Fields of late!

*While Whitefield's Tongue
Has sweetly sung
The Glories of a Dying and Exalted GOD,
My Soul has stretch'd its Wings, and aim'd at his
Abode.*

I was a known Enemy to Mr. *Whitefield* and his Proceedings at first: I being a rigid Dissenter, I call'd in Question his Authority to preach: He not being call'd to that Work in your prescribed Form, I refus'd to shew the usual Tokens of Veneration, when I attended

tended their Worship; thinking their assembling together as they did, unbecoming the Gospel-Order. But, Oh the sweet Alteration! when the Lord spoke Peace to my Soul, and removed those Doubts and Fears that I laboured under for Years and Years, while I attended your Ministry and others.

Oh why should we jar so much about the Shell and Externals of Religion! Has the Lord rais'd up any, and given them Gifts to preach, and he owns and blesses their Ministry to my Soul; why should I any longer refuse 'em as Ministers of the Gospel? How many have come to the Fields and Commons out of mere Curiosity, or with an Intent to oppose the Witnesses of the Lamb; but some have come as persecuting *Sauls*, and have went home converted preaching *Pauls*.

*Should we ask many of the Place
Where first they saw a Saviour's Face,
With Chearfulness will say,
On Kennington, that Spot of Ground,
Or in Moorfields, we Jesus found,
Nor can we well forget the happy happy Day.*

But, notwithstanding my great Re-
spect

spect to the judicious *Methodists*, and their propagating a Christian Catholic Spirit; yet to me the silly Prejudices of their Education are not invisible. *When will Judah no more vex Ephraim, nor Ephraim vex Judah?* But this is rather to be wish'd than expected at present. That proud and silly Distinction of *Board and Non-board, Reverend and Non-reverend* Ministers, is a Bar to this happy Union. O the great Folly of jarring Christians! Would we advance the Interest of Satan, let us fall out as much as we can: But if we have a burning Love for Jesus, the lovely Jesus, who burns with Love to poor Sinners; if we have an earnest Desire for Souls, which must be eternally sav'd or eternally damn'd; if we are so selfish only to regard our own Peace, let us harmonize more and more! No doubt but in our late Troubles, when Rebellion was rampant in the Heart of our Land, had our great and good King *GEORGE* sent the meanest of his Servants, and they had prov'd successful against a Popish Pretender, and his cruel Followers, how

B

would

would the Nation have rejoiced, and blessed our God! And is not Satan the avow'd and sworn Enemy and grand Pretender to the Crown and Dignity of King JESUS? Satan is sending forth here and there his Temptations to enlist poor Souls into his cruel Service: And if Jesus raises up any to proclaim Salvation in the Name of the Lord, and Sinners are converted, and Saints are edified, who are we, and what are we, to say unto our God, *What dost thou?* Shall an earthly King chuse his own Servants for his own Service; Oh then let the KING of Kings send by whom he will! How many have Reason to bless God for Mr. G---, &c. Others have Cause for Thankfulness for Mr. S---, others for Mr. C---, others for Mr. L---, and many others, myself in particular, for the poor despised *Methodists*. Had we a just and lively Sense of the Worth of an immortal Soul, and the dreadful Case of a Christless State, glad should we be in hearing of any pluck'd as Brands from the Burning of Hell, whether in Fields and Commons,

or

or Consecrated Ground; whether in Meeting-houses sanctify'd by a Board, or not; Whether the Instruments were *Conformists*, *Non-Cons* or *Methodists*, it would rejoice a gracious Heart. Had we no more Love, or shew'd no more Loyalty to King George, than many Professors at present discover to King JESUS, there would be just Cause to suspect Rebellion in our Hearts. What a dangerous Distinction was current of late, *Court-Interest* and *Country-Interest*: Was it not spread by our Enemies to Church and State, to represent as if our King and People were at Variance, and probably next to the crying Abominations of our Land; these rebellious Distinctions were the Causes of our unnatural Troubles; and are not those Distinctions of *Board* and *Non-Board*, *Reverend* and *Non-Reverend* Ministers hurtful to Christians? Believe me, Sir, I write not out of Contempt to you or your Brethren, any farther than I believe the Constitution of a Board, as it appears now, is inconsistent with the Independency of Gospel-Churches, and hurtful to the

B 2

spreading

spreading of the Gospel of Christ, and to many a dear Servant of the Lord Jesus, who have not the imaginary Honour of Membership in your Board Society, was I convinced I was mistaken in this, I would acknowledge the same with Shame and future Silence; but if you are mistaken, may the Lord convince and reform you all. St. *Paul* declares he would Rejoice was Christ preached tho' out of Envy, how then should this shame all of us, who have opposed the Gospel of the Dear Jesus; and let not the Exhortation be forgotten, let him that names the Name of Christ depart from all Iniquity; Sin in Priests, Sin in others, Sin in ourselves, may we abhor and detest.

*Sin made the spotless Saviour bleed,
Sin must be odious then indeed.*

The Gospel of Christ, is a Gospel of pardon, and 'tis a Gospel of Holiness; those who desire heaven, and not desire to be holy, know not what Heaven means: Poor Souls who really love Jesus, want others to love him, to serve him, &c. when they see what a deal
Christ

Christ has done for them, then they would do a little for Christ, and prize him as a Prophet, Priest and King; how fain would they be holy here, as well as happy hereafter; there ought to be the greatest Watch over the least Rising of Sin; yet we must allow for Weaknesses in Ministers and People too: But if any roll Sin under the Tongue as a sweet Morfel, let 'em be known and cloath'd with shameful Silence; but let it be remember'd, our God receives back-sliding Ministers on their Return, as he does others, and if he receives 'em, let not us reject 'em; if he honours such as he did *Peter*, in feeding his Sheep and Lambs, let us be thankful; I would say to the Ministers of the Gospel of every Denomination, if you heartily love Jesus Christ, and the Welfare of immortal Souls, go on, go on in the Name of the Lord; I often think of the Saying of Mr. *Whitefield* preaching in *Moorfields*; I come here to beat up for Volunteers for King Jesus, he is the best of Kings, the best of Masters, you shall have present Pay, and sure of Victory, Grace here, and Glory here-

hereafter; and who that loves Jesus,
 but must love to hear of his Kingdom
 enlarg'd; what a praying and preach-
 ing Army have we had of late, may
 God increase the happy Numbers; but
 should it be asked, who were the Instru-
 ments of this happy and gracious Alte-
 ration? it must be own'd, if my Infor-
 mation is right, they are the poor *Me-
 thodists*: O had Mr. G--- or his Bre-
 thren been the happy Means, no doubt
 but the blessed Accounts of these glad
 Tidings would have been wrote in a
 most striking and pleasing Light. O
 Sir, let me entreat you and your Bre-
 thren not to be like the elder Brother
 in the Gospel, who was angry with his
 Father in receiving and honouring the
 sinful younger Brother; the *Methodists*
 are your younger Brethren indeed; ma-
 ny have been like Prodigals indeed:
 Much is forgiven, therefore they love
 much! Oh how moving and melting
 their Addresses to poor sinners! how
 oft is my Soul in Tears while they
 speak of the loving Heart of the loving
 Jesus! It seems a glaring Truth, that
 the Lord is bringing down the Pride
 of

of Man, who is for directing God in choosing his own Workmen for his own Work ; here is a Company of poor Men who speak boldly in the Name of Jesus, and the Hand of the Lord is with them. Dear Sir, forgive me, 'tis with Concern I say, they seem not such Lovers of Honour, Gold and Pleasures, as many others ; splendid Offenders must not be spar'd, no, no ; Ministers if they are on the Stretch for Christ and Souls, must deal faithfully whether approv'd or no.

[Tongue,

*Had I but Whitefield's, Adam's, Jenkins, &c.
 Soon, soon should Jesus be my publick Song ;
 I would not ask the Sanction of your Priests,
 Your bitter Censures should disturb me least :
 If God his Presence did but grant,
 What more can I desire or want.
 Enough, Enough my Soul.*

Who without Pity, Concern, and some Resentment, can see Ministers lolling on their Cushions, speaking of the Love of Christ with such Coldness, as if an unpleasing Message ! old Age and growing Infirmities, &c. must be allow'd for : But when there seems an Indulgence of such an Indifferency in
 young

young Men, what can we think? may the Lord rouze you. How pleasing is it to hear Ministers recommend the lovely Saviour to unlovely Sinners, from their own Experience, which is almost Unfashionable now, but with the poor *Methodists*; whose Method is to regard no Method indeed; but if the Lord speaks to my Soul, I will bless my God: Come all ye Preachers of the Gospel: Come all ye Friends to Jesus, *unite, unite*, sure you have the greatest Cause! One God chose you all: One Saviour redeem'd you all: One Spirit must sanctify you all: The good Angels of God love you all: And tho' one Church, or hardly one Nation can hold you all now, yet know this, one Heaven must hold you all at last: Then for the Lord's sake, for the Angels sake, for the Gospel's sake, for our own Comfort sake, for Heaven's sake, let us not fall out by the Way.

Nor do we want for pressing Motives to Unity of a temporal Kind; what were our late Troubles; were we not in most threatning Circumstances, were we not in fear of sudden Destruction,
were

were not our dearest Liberties, as Men and Christians, in the utmost Jeopardy of being wrested from us? what dear and affectionate Husband could see the dear Partner of his Life, forced from him to satisfy the insatiable Lust of Popish *Chastity*? what dear and tender Parents could see their dear Offspring brought up in such Ignorance, Superstition and Idolatry? what industrious and laborious Hand, with Pleasure, could resign the Fruits of his Labour, to maintain the unbounded Ambition of Popish Kings, and Popish Priests? and what Man of Religion and Sense, but must detest, being forced to acknowledge, for believe he cannot, the silly Absurdities of the *Papists*? And notwithstanding the great and needless Jarrings among *Protestants* now, our Contempt of Ministers, and Non-Attendance on the House of God, or our Sleeping and Unconcernedness when we come there; yet can we bear the Thought of the Doors of God's Tabernacles being shut, and our Preachers drove into Corners? No, no, we should repent of this Sin,

C

while

while we were suffering for it, then there would be no proud and silly Distinction of *Reverend* and *Non-Reverend*, *Board* and *Non-Board* Ministers, but dear persecuted Brethren in Christ our common Saviour: What a Pity it is, Christians cannot agree out of a Prison; should not our Hearts, Tongues and Pens tremble at the Thought of *Popish* Cruelties, which have been so describ'd of late? the Barbarities of that Church, as collected by Mr. *Fall*, should be enough to frighten Christians to Unity; let us call to mind the great Troubles and Dangers our Nation has been in, many are living Witnesses of the Persecutions of a late debauched and Atheistical Prince: O how was Field-Preaching prized then, in Midnight Seasons! when were Prisons turned to Houses of Prayer as then?

And the Pretences of K. *James II.* to a more mild and indulgent Government, were like poisonous Pills gilt over with Gold, to poison our Nation with *Popish* Slavery: And notwithstanding many of the *Dissenters* address'd that fawning and deceitful King,
with

with warm and affectionate Expressions for his mild and tender Concern for them, yet they were soon convinced of their Error by many many of their penetrating Brethren. It must be own'd, they were to be pity'd, more than censur'd; they had felt for Years the heavy Weight of Persecution, and as they now began to taste the dear Sweets of *English* Liberty, no wonder they were so pleasingly insensible of their Danger, and oppos'd the imaginary Invasion of the Prince of *Orange*; but it must be acknowledged, he was received by them at last, as the great Deliverer of our Nation from *Papist* Government and *French* Slavery; then were we like *Britons* indeed! My Pen is too feeble to paint the Beauties of King *William* of blessed Memory! this pleasing Task must be resign'd to the ingenious and loyal Pens of Dr. *Watts*, &c. But this I must say, among the many great Blessings of his Reign, this was one, securing the *British* Crown to the illustrious House of *Hanover*; and our Liberties, under God, procured by K. *William*, were continued to us, by his

Successor Queen *Anne*, during the happy Life of *George Prince of Denmark*; yet was that unhappy Princess deluded by evil and designing Men, so far at last, that nothing but an awful Stroke of Providence sav'd us from Popery; *Popish* Hopes and *British* Fears were dispers'd together, by the happy Accession of his late Majesty to the *British* Throne.

*Long may the Crown with growing Lustre shine,
On the illustrious Hanoverian Line.*

And, notwithstanding the happy Blessings we enjoy, under the gentle Sway of his present Majesty, that nothing seems wanting so much as thankful Hearts to our God and our King, to make us the happiest People in the whole World; yet there has been such Enemies to our God, King, themselves, others, and the rising Generation, as to appear in rebellious Arms: What but our crying Abominations, could have permitted these Wretches to have come into the Heart of our Land? what uncommon Success attended our late Rebellion? For Shame, O *Britons*! For Shame,

Shame, O Christians! that God must use such a Method to drive us together; our petty Differences began to cease, then we remember'd what the King of *France* said concerning the *English*, Divide them, and then you conquer them; then the Advice of King *William* was approv'd by all, what he gave to his Parliament; Let no Distinction be known among you, but *Protestants* and *Papists*; then we united in Prayer and Fasting, we then had fixed Days for solemn Humiliation, and in the midst of Judgment has our God remember'd Mercy: Now for *British* Praises to *Britain's* God. Many were our united Prayers, but where are our united Thanksgivings? For Shame, O *Britons*! For Shame, O Christians, unite in publick Praise, lest we should again be united by publick Distress! for we are not out of Danger, while ungrateful and jarring one among another. May the King on the Throne, to the Beggar on the Dunghil, arise as one Man to praise our God; we are as yet a spared People, the Lord grant we may be a reformed People! May
our

our King be a willing Subject to King JESUS! May his dear Offspring be the Sons and Daughters of the Lord of Hosts! May our Officers be Men fearing God, hating Covetousness! May our Land learn Righteousness, and may our God purify the Sons of *Levi*! May those Officers in the Army of King JESUS be united; the Enemies of Christ are agreed, how then should the Friends of Christ *unite, unite*. That the Lord may convince Mr. G---, &c. of this pleasing Necessity, is, and shall be the earnest Prayer of

Him who desires to love all,

*Who love JESUS CHRIST
in Sincerity,*

A. B.

All Names and Parties be for ever gone:

Jesus—O let my Soul and thee be one.

Increase my Love to all who love thee too,

Be what they will, their Numbers great or few.

Send forth thy faithful Witnesses abroad,

As love the Souls of Men, and love their God:

Such will declare to Sinners all around,

Whether in Fields or consecrated Ground,

What they by sweet Experience have in Jesus found. }

A N



A N
A C R O S T I C K

O N

His Royal Highness *William*,
Duke of *Cumberland*.

H ear *Britons*, Hear! has God dispers'd our Fears?
I n Mercy has he heard our many Pray'rs?
S ure equal Praises then should reach his Ears! }

R aise a sweet Song! — Let Gladness fill our Isle!
O think 'tis almost Treason not to Smile!
Y et we are spar'd! — How pleasing is the Thought!
A **Rebel Army** Heaven has set at nought!
L et *Britons* sing the great Salvation wrought! }

H ell, *Rome*, *France*, *Spain*, tho' all unite in One,
I f God is Ours, firm is the *British* Throne.
G reat *GEORGE*, our *Sovereign* shall be *Sovereign* still,
H eav'n has approv'd it, and it is OUR WILL;
N o **Popish Brat** shall come to govern Us,
E xcept our Sins do fetch him as a Curse:
S in ever prov'd our Nation's greatest Foe;
S pare us Good Lord, our King, his Offspring too.

W ILLIAM as yet has been the Care of Heaven!
I n Mercy to us may he still be giv'n;
L oved almost by all who hear his Name,
L ong live Great WILLIAM, is their pleasing Theme!
I nspir'd by Heaven, he like a Warriour rose,
A nd bade Defiance to our **Rebel Foes**,
M ade haste to Battle to relieve our Woes. }

WILLIAM!

WILLIAM! what *Britons* can but love the Name!
 I n Rolls of Honour shines with dazling Fame:
 L et *Britons* Great King WILLIAM ne'er forget,
 L ong live his Mem'ry, for 'tis good, 'tis great.
 I n keenest Wars did for his *Britain* fly
 A nd fought the Smiles of *Britain's* God on high,
 M ay not his Name like other Princes die.

WILLIAM, once more I must the Name Rehearse!
 I ndeed it would adorn a brighter Verse;
 L et the dear Name of WILLIAM ever be,
 L ike Musick to the Sons of Liberty!
 I n *Rome, France, Spain* we know 'tis hated there,
 A dor'd be Providence 'tis loved here;
 M ay Heav'n, by WILLIAM, make bold Tyrants fear.

D uke, Earl or Lord, each but an empty Name,
 U nless great Actions do deserve the same;
 K ings what are they without deserv'd Renown,
 E v'n such as GEORGE and WILLIAM too have won.
 O h *Britons* Shout, can you forbear to sing!
 F or two such Heroes as our DUKE and KING.

C arlisle relieved, and all *Scotland* too,
 U nless quite stupid must this Song renew;
 M ay WILLIAM live, the Favourite of Heav'n!
 B efore him may his Foes like Chaff be driv'n.
 E nclose him with thy Smiles, Almighty Pow'rs,
 R egard this dear bright Royal Youth of Ours!
 L ike *Gardner* may he love and fear thy Name,
 A loud may he the God of War proclaim!
 N o longer may our Sins for Judgments call,
 D ear God convince, reform, convert, and save us all.



A. B.

F I N I S.